

The Primary Elections

Among the many entries on the June 5 primary ballot which will be handed to voters Tuesday will be several partisan offices which have vital importance to local residents. In addition to the state officers, judges, and ballot measures on which voters are asked to decide, the ballot will contain nominees for three local Assembly posts and the important office of County Assessor.

These offices are so important to all the residents and taxpayers of Torrance and the Southwest that the HERALD this week reviews the several candidates who, we believe, deserve the support of those in their party.

Charles E. Chapel

The political opportunists who may have seen a chance to score with the involvement of Assemblyman Charles Chapel in a bomb hoax case in the courts in recent weeks received a setback with the ruling that the Assemblyman's untimely remarks should be considered a misdemeanor and thus not effect his standing as a public official.

To many of Chapel's backers in the 46th Assembly District, the decision was good news. It meant that Chapel, who has served in the Assembly with distinction for 12 years, was free to go ahead with his campaign for re-election.

It is unfortunate that a man of Chapel's stature—an outstanding authority on a number of subjects, a competent legislator, and a tireless opponent of corruption in all its forms—should be caught up in such a web which led to his trial on the bomb charge.

It proved embarrassing to his friends and is inexcusable.

The offhand remark that got the legislator into trouble, however, is typical of the genial Chapel, and other remarks have embarrassed many of his friends.

One thing about Assemblyman Chapel, however, is his Sacramento record. He has been on the forefront of the movement to shut down shady operators throughout the state, he has talked and lobbied for strong legislation in such fields as finance, narcotics, and subversion, and his legislative record is not open to serious debate.

On the other hand, he is opposed in his district by a field of untired hopefuls, including one law partnership. This has led some political wags to suggest they ought to be bracketed as an entry. As individuals, however, they certainly have a right to be active in the party of their choice.

Assemblyman Chapel is still the strong contender for re-election to the post he has filled for a dozen years and we believe he has earned and still deserves the backing of his party in the 46th District in the June primaries, and of all the voters in November.

Nickolas O. Drale

Torrance Democrats living in the 67th Assembly District will have a rare opportunity next Tuesday to do their part in getting a local representative in the Legislature in Sacramento by supporting Torrance Councilman Nickolas O. Drale who is seeking the nomination.

With Torrance, the county's fifth largest city and the state's 14th largest, split into three Assembly districts, it is difficult for the voters of the city to feel they have direct representation in Sacramento even though two incumbent Assemblymen representing part of the city do an outstanding job on our behalf.

Democrats in a large segment of the city—all of the city between Hawthorne and Western north of Torrance Boulevard—have the rare chance Tuesday to nominate their own neighbor and City Councilman for the important Sacramento assignment.

Mr. Drale has campaigned on a platform calling for strict enforcement of narcotics laws, abolishment of gambling, Senate reapportionment, and programs for senior citizens, and for young men between the ages of 16 and 19.

The HERALD believes Democrats in the 67th Assembly District have a good candidate in Nick Drale and recommends his endorsement at the polls.

Vincent Thomas

One of California's ablest legislators, Assemblyman Vincent Thomas, is seeking re-election and will appear on Democratic primary ballots in the 68th Assembly District Tuesday.

During the many years that Mr. Thomas has represented parts of Torrance and the Harbor Area in Sacramento, he has compiled a record of service to those in this district which is almost unparalleled.

His assistance in gaining recognition for Torrance in the state has won the accolades of Torrance civic leaders and municipal officials regardless of political affiliation, and his contributions to the area he represents have been unmatched.

The HERALD recommends strongly that Democrats of the 68th Assembly District give Mr. Thomas a solid endorsement Tuesday.

John S. Gibson Jr.

One important office which will appear on all ballots Tuesday is that for the nonpartisan office of County Assessor, the office which supervises the evaluation of all property in the county for the purposes of taxation.

One candidate for the office stands out conspicuously because of his unquestioned integrity, high moral standards, and his experience as a Los Angeles City Councilman.

We refer to Councilman John S. Gibson Jr., who served eight years as president of the Los Angeles City Council, and whose candidacy for the office of County Assessor has received the strong support of a large number of Southland leaders.

The HERALD believes Mr. Gibson is eminently qualified for the post and recommends his election.

We Have Something For You—



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Cosmic Scientist Lugs Trash From Physics Lab

A good many years ago, about 1925-26 I'd say, because I was an undergraduate at the time, the end of all things arrived, as it has recently arrived before and since that time, with a resounding bang in a Monday morning edition of the old New York World of which the then esteemed and now venerated Walter Lippman was editor.

The end of human life on any appreciable scale, in that remote and unsophisticated age, was about to be accomplished through the seemingly innocent but in fact absolutely lethal agency of the fumes vaporized gasoline. Whatever the automobile, even then fairly numerous in the land, had been, there death stalked behind, silent, invisible but with irresistible doomday tread.

A group of noted "scientists" and "medical experts" of unblemished professional probity and the highest possible standing had revealed to the World's city editor the horrifying circumstances that the survival of life was impossible wherever the air had been impregnated with a polysyllabic by-product of the internal combustion engine. People who lived in cities knew not the lateness of the hour, unless they lived above the fifteenth story in apartment houses in which case their life span might be extended a few days or hours. Country folk, where the poison was less dense, might linger on for as long as a year or two.

But in a short time, as such things are measured, everyone who had ever been near an automobile was for the meat wagon. I forget the precise symptoms, but it seems to be that the bones were going to disintegrate into corn meal or some such, and that only the fortunate Eskimos and happy residents in Upper Assam and the Congo where motor cars were unknown had any chance at all.

The story made a profound impression on newspaper readers everywhere who had to acknowledge The World's copyright and prior mentioning of universal extinction. Newspaper circulation boomed as readers became interested in what amounted to reading proof on their own obituaries. Many extra papers were sold and, as the story continued and expanded from day to day with gruesome improvements, large numbers of people began to feel their bone structures were dissolving into corn meal and sought medical or spiritual reassurance as their natures dictated.

Curiously no fatalities were reported nor did the authorities in a sweeping fiat abolish automobiles and ban the manufacture of gasoline, al-

though there were many loudly articulate folk who demanded the instant leveling of Detroit, Flint and other guilty communities and the hanging of Henry Ford as the chief agent of universal genocide.

Somewhat we survived, even chauffeurs, filling station attendants and others whose occupations exposed them most urgently to the great hazard. The numbers of people whose bones seemed to be dissolving into corn meal were discovered to be consumers of Jamaica ginger, then an occasional substitute for whiskey among the lower classes.

The great gasoline fume terror of 1926 is what makes me today view with something less than alarm the theory prominently advanced in the daily press whenever there is a serious dearth of fires, muggings, or droll stories from the local zoo that radioactive fallout is about to accomplish the end of all things and relegate human life to the status of the dinosaur.

It makes me cynical, too, about the incidence of lung cancer among smokers that is daily and horribly attested by "leading scientific and medical authorities." A leading scientific and medical authority is anybody with a Berkeley or Stanford telephone number known to the local city desk as available to doomsday quotation on a dull Sunday afternoon with the Monday paper coming up.

Often he turns out to be the janitor of the chemistry building. The phrase "highest medical authority" has come to have about it some of the connotations of "Hollywood starlet."

Show me any member of a university or college faculty not available to identification as "a leading scientific authority," no matter how preposterous or assinine the mendacity attributed to him, and I'll show you a whole bankroll of three-dollar bills.

The word "professor" was once in the American lexicon a term of respect amounting to adulation until it was usurped by snake oil vendors and patent nostrum salesmen when it finally degenerated into meaning the piano player in a love store. At the rate of its ever-accelerated cheapening, the word "scientist," already degraded by every publicity-minded mountebank and phony until it is little more than a term of humorous contempt, will go the same way. The "cosmic scientist" of the morning editions by afternoon is usually emptying the trash baskets in the physics lab.

Quote

"A reckless driver is called a lot of names, but eventually he is likely to be called the deceased." — Stanley W. Olson, Winnebago (Minn.) Enterpriser.

ROYCE BRIER

We'll Always Be Facing An Unpredictable World

It is a common individual experience that the human relation is capricious. Too often, long-standing friendships founder on conflict of interest or misunderstanding. While coolness or outright enmity between two people may disappear.

But we are usually astounded and distressed when the same process occurs between peoples. We are always hoping for endless friendship and prepared for endless hostility in international affairs, and when these fail, we are cynical, as we seldom are about our personal affairs.

Pakistan at present is put out with the United States. President Ayub is having trouble, and this stirs up the Pakistanis, but they are more stirred up by a belief the United States favors the enemy, India, which is a neutral, while Pakistan is an ally of the United States.

On the other side of the world, our traditional friendship with the Philippine Republic is showing a rift. Recently the American Congress rejected a \$73-million appropriation for war damage inflicted in the islands during the Pacific conflict.

President Macapagal was about to leave on a state visit to Washington, but cancelled it in disappointment at congressional action. He says his people wouldn't understand a visit now.

President de Gaulle, our somewhat crochety friend, grew quite frank in a Paris press conference. He said in effect that Western Europe no longer needed the protection of the United States, and that now France, even with her "modest" nuclear weapons, and West Germany in concert, could give adequate protection to the West.

Incidentally, de Gaulle also downgraded political integra-

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Writer Says Nixon Should Be State's Next Governor

SACRAMENTO — Any American who served as vice president of the United States for two terms... and came within just over a hundred thousand votes of being elected president of the United States... is eminently qualified for the governorship of any state.

For, in addition to the qualities which brought him to such national prominence, he will bring to his state as governor national prestige and stature of inestimable value. It is rare in the history of politics that a candidate for governor can offer such distinguished credentials to his state's voters.

This is what Mr. Richard Nixon offers to California. This makes Mr. Nixon the most qualified and most deserving. If he is not elected, California will miss one of the rarest opportunities to reach the highest national and international prominence of its history.

The political vindictive of Mr. Nixon's opponents and petty recriminations are understandable. But they are overshadowed by the stature of his White House prestige and the international aspect of his experience. This would greatly enhance the trade and business potential of California, and this overwhelms the disadvantages of limited experience in current state affairs.

Richard Nixon, without half trying, can become the greatest governor of California by the sheer power of his national prominence and experience. So far as benefit to California is concerned, no other candidate can even come close.

Governor Pat Brown has been an average governor in a state which is far from average. He is a sincere and hardworking chief executive. He is a liberal Democrat with sincere convictions that his party's philosophy should prevail on the American scene.

This reporter is in strong disagreement with his concept of government, but cannot deny his honesty of purpose. Brown will be hard to beat, even by a former vice president... because an awful lot of votes are cast from the "stomach," not the head.

The California "free loaders" will vote for him. The labor unions will support him because he favors them. The minority fringe is on his side because his party caters to them.

The Democrats outnumber Republicans in my home state by three to two. On paper, Brown has important advantages... but the paper in the ballot box does not always follow the paper statistics.

It is unfortunate that a man of the caliber of Assemblyman Joseph C. Shell should pit himself against the former vice president. It was really unintentional that he did, for when he announced his candidacy, Nixon had not yet made up his mind to run.

Had Shell known that Nixon would run, it is unlikely that he would have opposed him. But Joe is strong-willed and refused to back out of the race.

The odds of a state assemblyman defeating a former U. S. vice president in a primary are slim indeed... even though Shell has gained the support of many conservative Republicans whom Nixon disenchanted.

In the state assembly, Shell stands out like a beacon of traditional Americanism. He will go far in politics, win or lose on this run. He has the convictions and the courage of an American who believes that nothing short of individual initiative and less government bureaucracy can save the nation.

He is the personification of Robert Taft in a younger generation. But on the political bigtime Shell is not too

well known. Brown, in our opinion, would swamp him. Sincere but emotional staunch conservative Republicans, are confident he can beat both Nixon and Brown. Maybe so. But win or lose, Shell will be a worthy contender for high political office for a long time to come.

Those who really know Nixon... and not by the yardstick of "conservative emotion" or political partisanship... proclaim his integrity and honor. He has spiritual depth and conviction. He is a superior executive and administrator to either of his opponents. In the heated emotions and recriminations of a political campaign he drives the hatchet deep, like everyone else... and his true image as a fair-minded man is clouded and misunderstood. As a logical choice for governor, Nixon is way out front.

Our Man Hoppe

Trip Through Maze Reassures Pundit

Art Hoppe

WASHINGTON—Wouldn't you know? I arrived right in the middle of a crisis. Of course, it's pretty hard these days to arrive in Washington in the middle of anything else. But this is "an acute crisis." Which is well above "a seeming crisis" and only a step below a "grave crisis."

This time, the crisis is in—let's see now—Laos. And you can tell it's acute because Mr. Kennedy ordered our Great White Fleet to "make a show of force" in the South China Sea. And you can see our invincible warships even now steaming up and down the Laotian coast instilling fear into the black hearts of the Communist-leaning Laotians. Except that Laos doesn't have a coast, being completely landlocked. But on a very clear day and with a very powerful telescope...

This is obviously a real crisis and I hurried right over to our new State Department to offer my services. Our State Department, as you know, has streamlined its image under the New Frontier. All the experts are always writing how it's now trim and vibrant, ready to leap into action instantaneously to stamp out any crisis anywhere. It's even got a Crisis Center these days. Which we sure need.

I hustled in the 21st street entrance and told the nice lady at the reception desk I'd like to see a high-placed New Frontier friend, who is Deputy Assistant Secretary to the Special Assistant Secretary of the Undersecretary of Secretaries. If I got it straight. She whipped out a map and drew a route with a blue pencil: "You take a left at the first corridor," she said, "jog left again, take a right here, then another right..." And so forth. At the end she triumphantly drew a large X.

X marks my friend, I said, ha ha. "No," she said, "that's the main reception desk. But they'll give you a map of his floor and tell you how to find him."

I was about three-quarters of the way through this first maze when, if I do say so myself, only a few wrong turns, when I noticed this door with three signs on it. One said: "1239." The second: "Division of Records Management, Donald J. Simon, Chief." And the third: "Deliver Diplomatic Notes Here." The door itself had a regular knob plus a large black combination lock. Like a safe. I couldn't help it. I tried the knob. The door opened.

Inside was another corridor, with doors opening off it. I wandered along until I found another door with a sign saying: "Deliver Diplomatic Notes Here." The placard beside it said "Penny Knox." Miss Knox wasn't at her desk but on it were two baskets labeled "incoming" and "outgoing." Both were empty.

A very mild-mannered little man with gray hair and glasses saw me jotting this down and asked me suspiciously whom I wished to see. I asked how come diplomatic notes were delivered to the Division of Records Management? He said all diplomatic notes, "minor and major," were delivered here "because you have to have a central place," except after office hours, and how did I get in anyway because this was "sort of a restricted area." He showed me out.

I never did find the main reception desk. Much less my friend. So I can't help much with the crisis of our warships steaming up and down the coast 50 miles inland, Off Laos.

But I do think the chances of the Communists declaring war on us are remote. As I see it, there Mr. Khrushchev will be, stomping angrily up and down the corridors of our new old State Department, map in one hand, ultimatum in the other. And I figure if he ever does find Miss Penny Knox, he'll be too tired to fight.

It's the first time I've felt that perhaps we know what we're doing around here. I'm sure this will make everyone feel much more confident.